

The Anglican Digest

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PENTECOST A.D. 2005

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Pentecost

"Then afterward, I will pour out my spirit on all flesh; your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions." Joel 2:28

A mighty wind rushes through the house, where Jesus' friends are staying. Flames of fire appear around them. The Holy Spirit, like an unpredictable summer storm, sweeps through the house cleansing the stuffy old air and opening them to fresh, new thoughts. They are baptized with the Holy Spirit and charged to go out and to tell the world the Good News of the Risen Christ.

Pen-te-cost is a Greek word meaning "fiftieth day." Jews celebrate Pentecost on the fiftieth day after Passover. Christians took the name because this is the same day that the Holy Spirit descend-

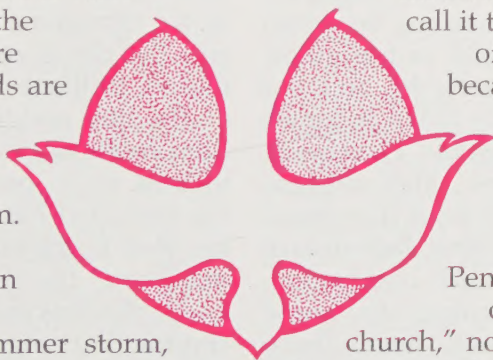
ed upon Jesus' followers. After the celebration of the Feast of Pentecost until the beginning of Advent in November, we will be in the season of Pentecost.

The church celebrates Pentecost as the day that Jesus' friends were baptized with the Holy Spirit. We call it the birthday of the church because on this day, the church became a living thing. Because of Pentecost, each of us is "the

church," not the building, but each baptized person is the living and breathing manifestation of Christ in the world. We are the body of Christ. We have the arms and legs to go out into the world to hug, and heal, and feed, and love all of God's people. And we have been given the Holy Spirit to energize us, to challenge us, and to guide us.

Happy Birthday Church!!!!

- via Good Shepherd,
Fitchburg, Massachusetts



Ordinary Times and Whispered Words

I don't make a habit of it, but every now and again I find myself eavesdropping. I feel certain I am not alone in this. We find ourselves in a crowded restaurant where people at the next table talk just loudly enough to be overheard. An odd or intriguing statement wafts by and the temptation to listen becomes nearly irresistible. Overheard conversations often capture our attention more than those we have sitting face-to-face with a familiar companion. Perhaps because we know we will not hear those strangers' words again; they drift into earshot with no opportunity to request clarification or offer a differing view. That delight in overhearing may help explain why so many adults enjoy children's sermons; the adults get to listen in on words meant and directed to others. In a similar vein, if you want to get someone's attention, whispering almost always works. It suggests a private, even privileged com-

munication, one we might miss if we don't listen carefully.

We have just entered the season of Pentecost. The season starts with a bang, or at least a major feast day in the calendar. Our worship services reflected that festive tone as we changed the hangings and the clergy stoles to red, placed brilliant red flowers on the altar and had our children create doves and flames to lead us in procession for the principal Pentecost service. Red is the color used to designate the Holy Spirit, and it reminds us of the Spirit coming like tongues of fire to alight upon Jesus' followers gathered in Jerusalem fifty days after Easter. Although some of the music of the day suggests something of the Spirit's gentleness (often represented by a dove), liturgically the day is more of a shout. But with a brief nod to the doctrine of the Trinity, the hangings change to green and the services lose such special, festive markers.

Even with only one day for the official celebration, the

Church does keep the word Pentecost before us for nearly half the year. Through the summer, when even disciplined church-goers find themselves skipping some Sundays, and many of us worship in less familiar churches located near the path of our summer travels. Into the fall, when, no matter our age, we still gear up as if school were about to start, behaving and feeling as if a new year is about to begin despite the calendar. Almost up to December, when wonder and worries about Christmas capture our time and imaginations. A lot of those months are and feel like ordinary time, just as the Church would have it, but the word Pentecost still lingers on the bulletins.

Prayer Book nomenclature notwithstanding, I would submit that all these weeks and months of ordinary time are the season of Pentecost, and that the Spirit does not merely linger through these months, but speaks. Whispering perhaps, so that we must really listen. Or speak-

ing not directly to us but nearby, so that we who are too busy, too bored, too discouraged or too self-involved, may become intrigued by a conversation happening at the next table and listen in. The Spirit's subtle ways should not surprise us, for our lives also unfold in quiet ways and in ordinary time. It is in and through daily life that work is sustained, children discover their talents and relationships deepen - all that growth nearly imperceptible in the passing days, but real nonetheless. Life would be difficult indeed if our growth depended on the spectacular. To restrict God to the great festivals or the spectacular revelation would make God either painfully elusive or irritatingly percussive, two choices that lose their charm rather rapidly. How much better to know a God of both festivals and ordinary times, a God whom we can know if only we will listen.

- The Rev. Brenda G. Husson,
St. James',
New York, New York

Peace that Passeth All Understanding

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you." This was the first verse of Scripture I remember my mother quoting to me.

We were not a family given to quoting Scripture, although I am sure I learned other passages of the Bible long before this, like the Lord's Prayer and the Twenty-third psalm and the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of the Gospel of St. John.

This verse about peace, however, was the first I truly remembered, because when I heard it, it seemed to me like a shaft of warm sunlight pouring straight into my heart.

I did not understand it. Mine was only an intuition of what this peace might mean. And yet that intuition spoke quite clearly of favor and goodness and hope far more powerful than any adversity I had known.

No matter where we are in our Christian pilgrimage, the peace of God speaks to us. It

is something *not of this world*, something that we have desired and hardly tasted.

And yet we seek the peace of God throughout our journey, even at times when we do not recognize it as such. Sometimes we feel an intimation of wholeness that we do not have, an inarticulate desire that we bring to prayer. In this sense peace is present by virtue of our need of it. And to fill our need, as St. Paul says, "the Spirit intercedes for us with groanings which cannot be uttered."

At other times, the peace we seek in our journey is only a fragment of the real thing. We attempt to fill the void through an idea, a hobby, a learned skill, music, art, sport, each and all ways to find rest for our hearts, the fullness of which is found only in the peace of God.

And so it is that the three great festivals of the Church, which are approaching, help us to move deeper into this blessing of peace. The celebration of the Ascension of our Lord, Pentecost, and Trinity Sunday abound with the

peace "that passeth understanding."

With the Ascension of our Lord into heaven, the final peace of human nature is revealed. Jesus ascends, his body intact but conformed to the realm of Spirit. We learn from Jesus ascending to his Father that the totality of human experience is not destroyed in the presence of God but rather finds the culmination of happiness. There our Lord continually intercedes for us that we may be made whole. As for now, we seek to be with him in heart and mind, while we wait hopefully to join him when history is rolled up like a garment.

The Ascension, then, following the Incarnation, Crucifixion, and Resurrection, is the crowning glory of salvation, and our dearest hope.

When we celebrate the Ascension we claim by faith the totality of human peace in which we possess the delight and favor of God. We do not understand it, but we begin to participate in its glory. It was this hope of glory that Jesus

shared with Mary Magdalene, "I ascend unto *my* Father, and *your* Father; to *my* God, and your God."

Another offering of this peace comes with the descent of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost. God the Holy Spirit comes to the Church to fill her with divine gifts, especially the *flame of love*. He is the Comforter of every Christian, teaching, admonishing, bringing to our remembrance all that Jesus has taught us. Above all the Spirit pours forth the charity of God, the very same love that guided Jesus to the cross, to hold us close to him. In this security of love we have the pledge of our peace to come. "Hereby we know that we dwell in him, and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit...God is love and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him."

On Trinity Sunday, we celebrate the completeness of peace. In his Triune life, both mysterious and personal, there is no end to happiness, and so there is no end to peace.

Trinity Sunday assures us that because God is personal, our peace to come is personal as well. And the culmination of happiness for us will be found in the perfect friendship of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit.

Peace, then, ultimately, is the nature of God. When Jesus says that His peace is not of this world, He means that peace is of God, that the peace of the kingdom in which all the angels and saints share, derives from God. When Jesus desires to return to the Father, to take his humanity with him into heaven, he returns to the glorious life that is his with the Father and the Holy Spirit.

These three festivals of the Church Year, Ascension, Pentecost, and Trinity Sunday are all about the destiny of man in peace. And surely that is where we begin.

From our first intuitions of peace until now, what we do not understand, and can never comprehend, speaks to us. It is a calling, an invitation, to enter into happiness. This unintelligible voice

searches our hearts and minds, relentlessly, without ceasing, our entire life, beckoning us to draw closer and to move within the life of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit. It is an invitation to come home. In Christ the voice becomes so much clearer and sure, even though in its depth it passes all understanding.

There, in the peace of God, we shall find ourselves His children, accepted and beloved, and we shall see in his providence what our particular intuitions of peace have always meant. As for now, rejoicing in the festivals of the next few weeks, we may pray this splendid collect. "O God of Peace, who hast taught us that in returning and rest we shall be saved, in quietness and in confidence shall be our strength; By the might of Thy Spirit, lift us, we pray thee, to thy presence, where we may be still and know that Thou art God; through Jesus Christ our Lord."

— *The Rev. Michael L. Carreker,
St. John's, Savannah, Georgia*

It's the Little Things that Count

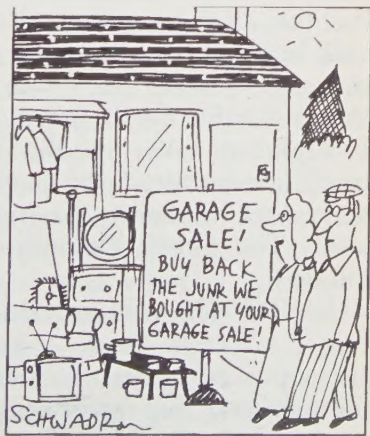
Saint Therese of Lisieux, the Little Flower, shows us a way to be a prayerful household in the midst of our secular doings. Therese's "little way" meant doing ordinary things with extraordinary love. We, too, can add a touch of love to every task we do whether it is preparing meals, cleaning house, caring for children, visiting others or attending to customers and clients. Those tasks we would rather not do can become opportunities for prayer, especially when we do them for others or in ways that others would appreciate. These little prayerful acts of kindness are contagious. The surprised one often becomes the surpriser and soon a positive spirit infects the whole household. It's through small deeds like these that we begin to understand the meaning of Paul's admonition to pray always. And Paul adds: "Whatever you do, in word or deed, do everything in the name of the Lord Jesus." By making the thoughts, words and deeds of our day con-

scious acts of love, we transform them into acts of prayer that build our household of faith. Therese is famous for her "Little Way" of prayer in which she would seek out the menial task, welcome unjust criticisms, befriend those who annoyed her, and help those who were ungrateful.

*My life is an instant,
An hour which passes by;
My life is a moment
Which I have no power to
stay.*

*You know, O my God,
That to love you here on earth
I have only today.*

— Via Grace, Waycross, Georgia



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Facing East

One Sunday morning, a woman traveling from New England on business decided to visit the parish of St. Michael and St. George because it was the closest Episcopal Church to where she was staying on campus at Washington University. At the end of the service, being enormously intrigued by the altar, she inquired at the back door, "Why is your altar against the wall so you have to turn your back to the congregation?"

"Oh, the altar has been that way since the church was built," I answered. "It is not that the altar is against the wall, but that the altar is facing east. Priests have celebrated the Eucharist for the first (give or take) one-thousand, nine-hundred and sixty years of Christianity, facing east. The Greek Orthodox still do."

"Really?" She was incredulous. "I've been an Episcopalian since I was eighteen and I've never seen anything like it. How fascinating!"

Before the time of Jesus, faithful Jews sited their synagogues to face toward Jerusalem where the Temple stood and the sacrifices were made to God. Just as today, when Muslims pray, they turn in the direction of Mecca. When the first Christians gathered for worship they sought to face the direction of the sacrifice that redeemed them. The sacrifice took place in Christ's broken body, not the Temple. These Christians looked toward the rising sun in the east. They did this not to worship the sun, but with the sense that the whole of creation was worshiping the Son. Facing the east superseded the Temple in Jerusalem.

As Christianity grew and developed, buildings were set aside for Christian worship. Space was designated for baptisms and music had to be fitted into architectural setting. The altar was placed so it faced east. Praying towards the east is a tradition that dates back to the beginning of Christianity. Rooted in Christ's sacrifice on the

Cross, we look forward to his coming again. While worshipping, Christians are literally turned toward the incarnate Word of God. Ancient liturgies contain directions specifying that the congregation face east. The fourth century John of Damascus explained: "Our Lord, at his Crucifixion, looked to the east; and also when he ascended into heaven, he ascended toward the east; and thus the apostles adored him; and thus: 'he shall come again' in the like manner they saw him go into heaven." They looked toward the east anticipating Christ's return.

In the present day, we eat meals facing one another, but people in the first century did not. The idea that a celebration facing the people is the most ancient way of remembering and celebrating the Lord's Supper is not rooted in the way first century people lived. At the time of Christ, and for centuries afterward, banquets were eaten at C-shaped tables where the guest of honor was in the seat at the far right-hand end of the table, with one side left

empty from which to serve and clear. People's sense of community came from being seated on the same side rather than facing each other. Ancient Christians would not have had a sense of togetherness from the celebrant of the Eucharist facing them.

The concern of our Christian forebears was not who was facing whom, but where the prayers were directed. When the altar is facing the east, then the whole church is worshipping together as opposed to a performance where the actors are on stage, facing an audience who is not participating.

The Church of St. Michael and St. George has two altars that face east and one altar where the priest faces the people. We celebrate the Eucharist at each of these altars, and every time, Christ is present in the bread and wine. Over time it will be assessed what is gained or lost from turning the priest away from the east where Christ will return, or toward the congregation as is the widespread custom today.

A priest facing the congre-

gation had been widely welcomed and appreciated in many places. We live in a buyer's market, as far as religion is concerned, where people shop for a church, demand quality and drop their church if it does not meet their demands. Waking up to Katie Couric's smiling face every morning, I am not surprised that the visitor I met at the back door was bewildered by a priest who turned his back on the congregation the way I did that day. In a buyer's market, the consumer is king. Church is a place where God is king. The life of a congregation is found in Christ's saving love and not in ourselves. I am all too aware that when I meet with the clergy and our choirmaster/organists to plan the Sunday liturgy we select hymns by saying things like, "Does the congregation know this hymn? Do they like this hymn?" Rarely do we ask, "Does God like this hymn?" or "What does this hymn say about God under whom we are gathered?" All too often, I find myself acting as if it is our

church instead of God's church. I remember the parishioner who walked out of church and said to me, "Well, I'm sorry; that service didn't do a thing for me."

The theologian Stanley Hauerwas has noted that, "Most professing Christians, from the liberals to the fundamentalists, remain practical atheists. They think the church is sustained by the services it provides or the amount of fellowship and good feeling in the congregation." Turning our prayers away from God and toward the congregation may be a symptom of where the life of twenty-first century churches are truly centered.

Who knew that everyone facing God together could be so counter-cultural?

- *The Rev. Andrew J. Archie,
Church of St. Michael and
St. George, Clayton, Missouri*

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Silence and Stillness

"WHEREOF we cannot speak, thereof we must be silent" – so wrote the philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein. How do we understand this? Perhaps it is rather a powerful reminder of how in our human words we speak of things which touch us deeply. The experience of deep love in human relationships, wrestling with the good in moral choices, beauty discerned in pattern and the play of light in a Dutch painting or a dappled wood, or the overwhelming experience of a holy place, all need both words and silence. The movement and harmony of a symphony is only complete with the rests as well as the notes that are in the score.

Silence can sometimes be a tongue-tied inability to communicate or indicate inner dryness and poverty. It need not be so. Silence flowing from an inner stillness can indicate a quality of integration and self-possession in one who can communicate powerfully. It is said of a character in

Thomas Hardy's novel *Under the Greenwood Tree*, "He can keep silence well. That man's silence is a wonderful thing to listen to."

The wisdom of the great Christian teachers of prayer – echoing other religious traditions – places a high value on the discipline of silence, quieting the incessant babbling of outward and inner chatter to allow a deep and attentive stillness, rooted in a God-given inner peace.

Seraphim of Sarov, 19th-century Russian saint, taught, "Keep your heart in peace and a multitude around you will be saved." Centuries earlier, St. Benedict urged his monks, "Diligently cultivate silence at all times," and, in a vivid image, Diadochus, the 5th-century bishop of Photiki in Greece, cautioned that just as "When the door of the steam bath is continually left open, the heat inside rapidly escapes," so the desire to say many things through the door of speech dissipates the remembrance of God. "Timely silence then is precious, for it

is nothing less than the mother of the wisest thoughts."

Elijah, the prophet stands in the entrance of his cave on Mount Horeb, and finds the presence of God to be not in fire, storm, or earthquake, but in "a still, small voice" - which, literally translated, is "the sound of thin silence." It is this which awes Elijah so that he wraps his face in his cloak. And the psalmist writes, "Be still - let go - and know that I am God." Silence and stillness, which require discipline, enable us to be attentive, to listen, not for some external voice, but, as we open ourselves to the presence of God, to that life which is at the source of our being.

Virginia Woolf spoke of the experience of a silent retreat as enabling her "to see to the bottom of the vessel," acknowledging this to be a troubling and even terrifying experience. But the "bottom of the vessel" is the God within, who created us in his own likeness. Of that sometimes terrifying journey inwards the psalmist speaks, knowing that if he goes down to Hell, God is there also - a truth which is

underlined for the Christian who dares to speak of God in Christ descending into Hell.

The silence of God, the apparent absence that is as a presence, leads us, like Elijah, to wonder and adoration. It questions the chattering words, even good words, of theology. As a writer from the Orthodox tradition puts it: "Whenever we begin talking about God we are necessarily falsifying him . . . Silence should at last take the place of the continuous prattle and rambling about God (for) silence is the very nature of theology . . . it is something positive, like love, death, and life. It is not a pause between noises, sermons, and theological disquisitions, but something without which words lose their meaning."

After all "the Word became flesh," and that living Word was silent when hauled before a Roman governor and condemned to death. "Whereof we cannot speak, thereof we must be silent."

- *The Rt. Rev. Dr. Geoffrey Rowell, Bishop of Gibraltar in Europe*

Theses from a Seminary Door . . .

OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN



I keep hearing a Sixties song by the Dave Clark Five: "She said, Over and Over and Over again (I'll wait for my steady date)." The refrain keeps repeating in my brain. It concerns our diocesan bishops. It is a song that is sung over and over and over again: the song of control!

Why will they not cut us some slack? Why will they not concede just a little of what they seem to think they hold, which is control over the Church, to the "traditionalists" — at least for a few minutes and in the spirit of charity.

When I travel around, I hear bishops speaking about "my" diocese, "my" cathedral, and "my" clergy. Good Lord! Since when. Since when is a bishop an owner? How 'bout His cathedral, His clergy, His staff. How 'bout God's Church, of which we are ever the least lordly servants.

Someone recently had been clipped by episcopal authority and said, "Well, something's clearly going on with these bishops. It's a control problem, and like the flu, it's everywhere."

Now someone on the old-fashioned side, like myself, pleads, Why can't you just let some of these conservatives have it their own way for a little while? Trust God and trust the Church to His care, and give 'em a long leash. Honestly, what will you lose? What will you lose that you haven't lost already or will probably lose if you persist in playing "hardball?" Do we need a bishop-comforter-helper in God, or do we need Chris Matthews?

For myself, I used to think the problem of our Church, the great Gordian knot to which the Windsor Report was intended to speak, had to do with theology. I still think that. Surely a little Grace and not a massive

swallow of Law would pour beautiful oil on troubled waters. But close at the door, right by the sill of the Grace problem, is the control problem.

Take control out of the politics and we will have a healed situation. Words like "concession", "space", "charity", the "spirit of meekness": these words are decisive. They are "Words of Love" (The Beatles).

Please, oh lordly ones, give us some leeway. I can almost guarantee it will make us come back to you.

– *The Very Rev. Dr. Theol.*

Paul F. M. Zahl,

Dean/President, Trinity

Episcopal School for Ministry,

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Father's Day

Every time Father's Day comes around I certainly think about my own biological father but my mind always turns quickly to think of the "Our Father," that simple and beautiful prayer of Jesus that is part of every Episcopal worship service. I know that there are people who think that the "Our Father" is a sexist prayer that ought to be edited in some way. I've heard of congregations that say, "Our Father/Mother who art in heaven." That seems to me, however well-intentioned, to be clumsy and unattractive. I doubt it will catch on very many places. Some have suggested considering "Our heavenly parent" but that, I think, depersonalizes the whole thing and it is the very intimacy of the address that, to me, is the power of the prayer.

I think, we need to remember that the gender isn't really so important. We're not talking here about scientific fact. We're talking about a relationship. Whether father or mother, the point that Jesus is get-

ting at is that *at the heart or core of everything is a power and presence more like the devotion of a Loving parent's heart toward a beloved child than anything else we can possibly imagine.*

The problem, of course, is that positive poetry can be smashed by negative reality. The word "father" can make us think—depending on our experience of our own parent—of anything from an oriental despot to a drunken bum. Still, that mental connection doesn't invalidate the insight into God's essential nature. God is most like the very best that an earthly father can possibly be, whether or not we happened to be blessed with that particular father within our own nuclear family.

I think there are several important implications to our being invited by Jesus to think about and address the Creator of all the worlds as "Our Father":

1. It takes God out of the "vague oblong blur" category and puts us at least on the person-to-person level of acquaintance.

2. It helps us understand and truly believe the rather astonishing reality that we are beloved children and, ultimately, heirs of all that is or ever will be.

3. Fatherhood and family implies at least the possibility of siblings — sisters and brothers who are equally beloved and precious in God's eyes — so that, while our relationship to God can be personal, it can never be private. We *are* our brother's keeper if we really understand all persons to be members, along with us, of God's family.

Parent, child, brother, sister — very ordinary common words, but in them there are essential clues about the Christian Gospel. To acknowledge God as "Our Father" is to accept God's love for ourselves, but just as importantly, to accept the responsibility to be a sister or brother to every other human being.

Happy Father's Day!

— *The Rev. Dr. Robert R.
Hansel, Calvary,
Memphis, Tennessee*

Babel Redux

Years ago I served in a parish with a very interesting custom. Each year at the main service on Pentecost the traditional lesson (Acts 2:1-11) was read by several people at once, each in a different language, after which it was read again in English. One year I heard it read in German, Latin, Spanish, French, and Lebanese, all at once. The result was a cacophony of languages that no one could understand until the story was again read in English. At the time I thought it to be a wonderful teaching tool, but in retrospect I realize it was the exact opposite of what really happened on that first Pentecost. The Parthians, Medes, and Elamites did not hear a din of strange tongues — to the contrary, each heard the gospel preached clearly in his own tongue.

The things of this world tend to separate us — diversity of languages and customs, political and financial interests, imbalance of wealth, lust for power — this

is the curse of Babel. Man, in his pride and arrogance, tried to be like God. As a result, his power, like the Tower of Babel, crumbled into rubble and confusion. The gift of the Holy Spirit was the perfect undoing of that curse. Instead of dividing people by confusing their language, the Holy Spirit reunited all the peoples of the world by the gift of understanding. The unifying sacrifice of Christ, and his gift to us of the Holy Spirit, have brought us together again. It is because of this reunion with one another through him that we are enabled to obey his commandment that we love one another even as he has loved us.

We are now engaged in an intensive campaign to drive God out of our social and political life in the name of diversity and sensitivity. If it is successful, we will indeed become diverse — so diverse that we will lose all our ability to understand or even care about each other's culture, ethnicity, or needs. Without God in our lives we will

restore the curse of Babel. On the day the tower fell, everyone went about babbling in his own tongue, unable to communicate with anyone else. The very word "communicate" means "be one with," and true communication is the gift of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost.

It has been said that we should be careful of what we seek, because we might just get it. If we continue to seek independence from God, we might just get it. An unknown sage observed that a person who does not believe in God will believe anything. We can see this in the outrageous values and morals (or lack thereof) that are the norm in our modern humanistic society.

Even if society drives out God, we must still keep him in our own life. God will eventually prevail, with or without us. "But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." (Josh. 24:15)

— The Rev. Richard R. Losch,
St. James',
Livingston, Alabama

Reflections

Can you think of a business that has a reputation for excellence and competence? Is it the auto mechanic where you take your cars for repairs? Is it the company that you call to move the furniture in your home? Is it the insurance agent you have had to deal with? Hopefully, you can think of many. Yet, one of the prolific problems in our culture, according to authors William Diehl and Dorothy Sayers, is the lack of excellence and competence in our work.

William Diehl in his book *The Monday Connection* says that "...competency is our basic level of ministry: Work is a part of God's plan for humankind. We are called on to continue God's creative process through the work that we do. Our greatest witness to our faith in our places of work is our degree of competency. Unless we are competent, our witness as Christians is not seriously received by this world."

He pointed back to an old story about St. Augustine who was criticized by his Christian friends because he bought his sandals from a non-Christian craftsman when there was a Christian sandal maker in the same town. Augustine defended his actions by explaining that he did too much walking to buy inferior sandals, even though it was a Christian who made them.

His frustration is with Christians whose quality of work is, on average, no better than the general population. He argues that if all Christians would just make the commitment to be competent in their work, the workplace world would stand up and take notice. Moreover, they might just be drawn to the very Lord who created work and whose own work is competent.

Dorothy Sayers, in her book, *Creed or Chaos*, wrote the following about work and the work place: "The Church's approach to an

intelligent carpenter is usually confined to exhorting him to not be drunk and disorderly in his leisure hours, and to come to church on Sundays. What the Church *should* be telling him is this: that the very first demand that his religion makes upon him is that he should make good tables. Church by all means, and decent forms of amusement, certainly—but what use is all that if in the very centre of his life and occupation he is insulting God with bad carpentry? No crooked table-legs or ill fitting drawers ever, I dare swear, came out of the carpenter's shop at Nazareth. Nor, if they did, could anyone believe that they were made by the same hand that made heaven and earth."

What we do reflects on our Lord. What message about God does your work send to the observer? What do people think about your work? Is it competent? Is it excellent? Would they judge your work and conclude that you do, in fact, serve a God who expects the same from his

followers? Oz Guinness reminded us a number of times that American Christianity today is most often privately engaging but publicly irrelevant. May our Christianity cause us to engage the workplace, whatever your workplace is, with excellence and with competence.

Finally, let me leave for your reflection this short quote from Sayers, "The only Christian work is good work, done well." *May it be so Lord, May it be so.*

— The Rev. Canon Paul D.
Jagoe, Cathedral Church of
St. Luke, Orlando, Florida



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WE RECOMMEND

[Books with ITEM number are available through THE ANGLICAN BOOKSTORE, others are available from your local bookseller.]

In the Heart of the Temple: My Spiritual Vision for Today's World by Joan Chittester (BlueBridge). This prophetic manifesto for the preservation of the world brings together Joan Chittister's most powerful, influential, and celebrated writings. Passionate and provocative, this collection combines the spiritual practices of the Rule of Saint Benedict with the contemporary struggles for social justice, feminism, and ecology. Today's most pressing spiritual, political, social, economical, and environmental questions are addressed and individuals of every religious and political persuasion are challenged to unite under a new and bold vision that honors the earth, its people, and all of life.



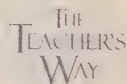
Song of the Nightingale: A Modern Spiritual Cantic by Michael Ford (Paulist Press). Drawing on imagery from the poetry of St. John of the Cross, Michael Ford invites readers to join him as he retraces the steps of his own spiritual pilgrimage. Starting with a serious car accident in 1990, Ford kept a journal to chart his inner life. He uses the nightingale's song as a metaphor for God's calling us to claim our distinctiveness - particularly during the dark times. His inner story is close to nature -- in which he sees symbols of the divine. After negotiating his way through ambiguity, uncertainty, joy, and struggle, Ford discovers the secret of his vocation lies much closer to home. *Song of the Nightingale* is for people from all walks of life and denominations and will be especially meaningful for seminarians and parish priests.



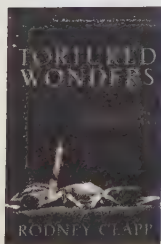
Item P046T, \$14.95 + S&H

The Teacher's Way: Teaching and the Contemplative Life by Maria Lichtmann (Paulist Press). In *The Teacher's Way*, award-winning scholar, educator, and author Maria Lichtmann connects the monastic practice of *lectio divina* to the heart of the teaching experience. *Lectio divina* is a Benedictine practice that involves four elements of sacred reading: *Lectio* - reading; *Meditatio* - reflection; *Oratio* - prayer; and, *Contemplatio* - contemplation and transformation. *The Teacher's Way* translates these practices into classroom applications that create hospitable and safe spaces for learning. Some of the topics the author focuses on include: the crisis in education; monks and teaching; concrete proposals for reflection and attention; hospitable teaching and transformed teaching. *The Teacher's Way* is designed to benefit educators from kindergarten through graduate school instructors.

Item P047T, \$12.95 + S&H



Tortured Wonders: Christian Spirituality for People, Not Angels, by Rodney Clapp (Brazos Press). With wisdom and humor, Rodney Clapp reminds us that we are "in-between" creatures - neither entirely body nor entirely spirit, neither apes nor angels. *Tortured Wonders* begins by showing how orthodox Christian spirituality "never gives up on the body." Clapp addresses the incarnation of Christ and the resurrection of the body, as well as the place of sacraments in Christian spirituality. He uses pop-culture figures and narratives, namely Elvis and Bambi, to explore the spiritual consequences of our contemporary phobia about death and obsession with spectacle and celebrity. He calls us to embrace our creatureliness through a string of irresistible topics: Is there sex in heaven? What is the most "biblical" posture for prayer? What can we learn from non-Christian spiritual traditions? Pastors, counselors, and anyone interested in Christian spirituality will appreciate this lucid and insightful book.



The Pattern Of Holiness

Christ at work in us through the Holy Spirit

Sanctification is a high sounding word that we encounter in the pages of Scripture and in our Prayer Book worship. Like the other "actions" of our Faith, we often pass over them without much thought, or give them some common-but-incomplete meaning.

In this Season of the coming of the Holy Spirit, we should take a closer look at the idea of *sanctification*. In our Great Litany, the Holy Spirit (or Holy Ghost) is referred to as the "Sanctifier of the faithful," so I think we can safely assume that the Prayer Book authors felt that this was the principle, crucial work of the Third Person of the Trinity.

Likewise, our Prayer Book teaches us that the elements of the Sacraments and sacramentals are "sanctified" by the Holy Spirit. We pray that He will "bless and sanctify" the bread and wine of the

Eucharist, that they may become the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. We do the same with Baptismal water, and with other elements commonly used in our worship.

Sanctification is the making of someone or something HOLY. It is God alone who can sanctify - make no mistake about that. God alone can make us holy. We can no more "sanctify ourselves" than bread, wine, or water can sanctify themselves. All of Christianity concerns the initiating saving action of God in Jesus Christ. On the other hand, sanctification, more than other concepts, most thoroughly presupposes our cooperation and effort.

There are three "parts" - if you will - of sanctification. The first is the sustaining and nourishing of our transformed lives in grace and knowledge. The Holy Spirit is given to us that we may have the abundant life that our Lord has promised us. These are both inner dispositions, such as love, joy, peace,

a secure knowledge of his love, etc... and personal gifts and talents which enrich life.

The second "part" of sanctification is the "moral life." The Holy Spirit is given so that we can "lead a life worthy of the calling to which we have been called" so that we can "press toward the goal for the prize of the upward call of God in Jesus Christ." This involves the giving of moral gifts, such as those received in confirmation, and our cooperation with the Spirit in "walk(ing) in the Spirit and you shall not fulfill the lust of the flesh."

The third "part" of sanctification is the empowering and sending of Christians to evangelize. Actually, the first two work together within us to accomplish that; because we cannot impart the Good News unless we embody the Good News, and we cannot challenge and assist others to lead a New Life in Christ if we have not accepted and appropriated that life for ourselves.

The problem is, however, that too many people put all the emphasis on the first and second part, without focusing on all-important third part. Unless we understand that all of God's saving activity is aimed toward our loving others and leading them to Christ, sanctimony – a prideful self-satisfaction and judgmentalism – is often mistaken for sanctification.

In his book *The Master Plan Of Evangelism*, Robert E. Coleman takes special note of that part of our Lord's High Priestly prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane in which he prays for his disciples (including us): *"Sanctify them by your truth. Your word is truth. As you sent me into the world, I also have sent them into*

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the world. And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also may be sanctified by the truth."
John 17:17-19)

Coleman is quick to point out that our Lord needed no sanctification in the sense that we often "sanctimoniously" think of it. He needed no cleansing or moral purifying, since he was already sinless. Our Lord's "sanctifying himself" was *his renewing of the commitment to give himself for our salvation; even though that "giving" involved his being betrayed, tortured, and crucified.*

The last chapters of the Gospel accounts are full of commissions to evangelize. The Holy Spirit is imparted to the Apostles in the Upper Room so that "As the Father hath sent me, even so, send I you." Peter is pardoned his betrayal so that, free from his guilt, he can "feed my sheep." Both St. Matthew's and St. Mark's Gospel account close with a Great Commission to preach, teach, make disciples, and baptize. On the Mount of Ascension,

our Lord promises the power to the Holy Ghost that those who receive him may be witnesses for Christ – locally, regionally, "and to the uttermost parts of the earth."

The pattern of holiness, of our sanctification, God's plan for winning the world for Christ, begins with our dedication to God's will and to bringing Good News to others in the same way that our Lord did. Everything about our holiness is aimed at nothing less. This includes our faith, our worship, our morals, and the common life we share together.

The most important ingredient in our sanctification is love. And, it must be Christ-like love that motivates us – the kind of love described by St. Paul in I Corinthians 13 – Calvary-type love. Love – that kind of love – is the only way to win the free response of men and women to God's Good News in Jesus, and this is possible only by the presence of Christ in the heart.

The sanctification to which we are called is a supernatu-

ral task, and therefore needs supernatural help. That's why the Holy Spirit was and is given to us – to guide us into all truth, to lead us to repentance and away from sin, to help us pray, to give us special gifts and abilities, and to bind us together in the one holy catholic and apostolic Church.

And, this is also why the Spirit comes to bless and sanctify the waters of Baptism, the bread and wine of the Eucharist, the oil of anointing, and the hands of the bishops giving his apostolic gifts. The witness and integrity of the Sacramental life is the "appointed means" by which the Word and Spirit impart grace and truth; for our sanctification and our continuing mission as the living gospel to the world.

Pray for the Spirit's gifts, and cooperate with him for your own sanctification, and for the effectiveness of our Gospel witness to your families, friends, and neighbors.

– *Christ the King, Salisbury,
North Carolina*

Cultural Context

In my experience as a parish priest, I note that there are three things that often tend to get confused:

1. The faith once delivered to the saints;
2. The Anglican Tradition; and
3. The way worship was conducted before I arrived.

By and large, I suspect that we tend to confuse the things that we find comfortable and appealing with the core of Christian worship.

In 1963, Vatican Council II wrote, "The liturgy is made up of unchangeable elements divinely instituted, and of elements subject to change. These latter not only *may* be changed but *ought* to be changed with the passage of time." [emphasis mine] It went on to speak of "legitimate variations and adaptations to different groups, regions and peoples," and recognized that, "in some places and circumstances... an even more radical adaptation of the liturgy is needed."

Similarly, at the 1988 Lambeth Conference, the

Anglican primates speaking of Christ and Culture wrote: "This Conference... urges the Church everywhere to work at expressing the unchanging Gospel of Christ in words, actions, names, customs, liturgies, which communicate relevantly in each contemporary culture." Further, they resolved "that each Province should be free, subject to essential universal norms of worship and to a valuing of traditional liturgical materials, to seek that expression of worship which is appropriate to its Christian people *in their cultural context*." [emphasis mine]

What then in our liturgical tradition is of the essence of Christian worship? The core would probably include the proclamation of the Gospel, the assembling for worship, the celebration of Baptism with water, the celebration of the Eucharist with bread and wine, some form of the ministry of reconciliation, and the praying of the Lord's Prayer. If we were to add those elements which have been a part of Christian worship since patristic times we

might include: the celebration of the Lord's Day with a service of Word and Sacrament; the association of the Holy Spirit with baptism; the observance of Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost, and the seasons of Lent and Eastertide; an ordination of persons to the ministry of Word and Sacrament; and an ordered ministry of *episkope* (bishops=overseers) and *diakonia* (deacons=those who serve).

Anglicanism has often described itself as having no distinctive doctrines or practices, but holding the faith of the undivided Catholic Church. If that is true, then we shall be hard pressed to find things which are distinctively and essentially Anglican, beyond our insistence that ordinations be presided over by bishops. What then is the Anglican tradition of worship? I would suggest that if there is one characteristic of worship it is that it be in the language of the people. But by this I mean more than words that are comprehensible in a particular language. Worship must

use the thought forms of the people. It must be compatible with the culture.

This is aptly expressed in the preface to the Canadian *Book of Alternative Services*. "Liturgy is not the Gospel but it is a principal process by which the Church and the Gospel are brought together for the sake of the life of the world. It is consequently vital that its form wear the idiom, the cadence, the world-view, the imagery of the people who are engaged in that process in every generation." We all understand this in theory, but in practice, we are often not really certain that congregations that use mariachi bands for Lessons and Carols, for instance, are genuinely Anglican.

Our image of Anglican worship is hopelessly culturally conditioned, both by our ethnographic bias as well as a generational experience. And that is true whether you are speaking of an English cathedral liturgy, solemn mass at an Anglo-Catholic church, or the family Eucharist at a suburban parish. In fact, an Anglican liturgy rooted and

grounded in the Gospel and in the indigenous culture (whatever it may be) is more Anglican than an imitation of King's College, Cambridge in some distant land.

If we take our own theology seriously, and believe in the Incarnation of the Word of God and in the catholicity of the Church, then not only Christianity, but also Anglicanism, is set free from its bondage to any one cultural expression. We can and should find our own authentic voice and expression for worship within the culture in which we live. Think on these things.

– The Rev. Kenneth J. Dorsch,
St. Bartholomew,
Beaverton, Oregon

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The Holy Catholic Church

The Feast of Pentecost is sometimes called the "birth-day" of the Church, since it is our annual commemoration of the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the disciples after Jesus' resurrection. Jesus said, *"But you will receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you; and you will be my witnesses in Jerusalem, in all Judea and Samaria, and to the ends of the earth"* (Acts 1:8), linking the Church and its unique mission with the gift of the Spirit. Yet it is also true to say that the Church existed long before its putative birth at Pentecost, and that ancient Israel constituted God's community for centuries prior to the call of Jesus' followers.

The Spirit and the Church are linked. In the Creeds, the Holy Catholic Church is mentioned in the paragraph that begins with belief in the Holy Spirit. The early Christian theologian Irenaeus wrote, *"For where the Church is, there is the Spirit of God, and where the Spirit of God is, there*

is the Church and all grace." The Spirit animates the Church, and makes it live; without the Spirit's vivifying grace, the Church would cease to exist. By the same token, we can be sure that God gives grace to the community, and that he makes it the place where the Spirit is encountered.

The Church celebrates God's grace and the presence of the Spirit in the sacraments, in Baptism and in the Eucharist. At Baptism, we solemnly invoke the presence of the Spirit over the water, and sign the candidate's forehead with oil that is the sign of the Spirit. At the Eucharist, we again invoke the Holy Spirit upon the bread and wine, so that they may be for us Christ's Body and Blood; a means of grace and the effective symbol of Christ's life given for us. The Church and the Spirit are linked, not least of all in the Sacraments that define our life together.

- The Rev. John C.
Bauerschmidt, D. Phil., Christ
Church, Covington, Louisiana



HILLSPEAKING

THIS past season was not a “hard” winter; it was a fickle winter. Mother Nature played fast and loose with the Ozarks in general, and Hillspeak in particular.

We did not have the hurricanes of Florida nor the tsunami of south Asia nor the blizzards of the Northeast. What we did have was a thermometer that went up and down like a yo-yo. On a Sunday morning it read 8 degrees at eight o’clock; two mornings later at 8 o’clock it read 40. Most of the winter was like that. It not only kept us mere mortals off balance, but it effected the plant life as well. In the first week of January a forsythia bush close to the Old Residence put forth a few blossoms—and within a day or two they were frost bitten.

We Hillspeakers did not know from one day to the next whether we should wear a parka or a polo shirt. There were shirtsleeve days aplenty through the Twelve Days of

Christmas and Epiphanytide. And there were days that called for the full regalia of winter.

Godfrey and the Hillspeak cats were about as confused as the rest of us. About the time Godfrey found a nice comfortable patch of snow to sit in as he surveyed his realm, it would melt. The cats could sprawl out in the sun on the blacktop one day and a biting cold wind would ruffle their whiskers the next.

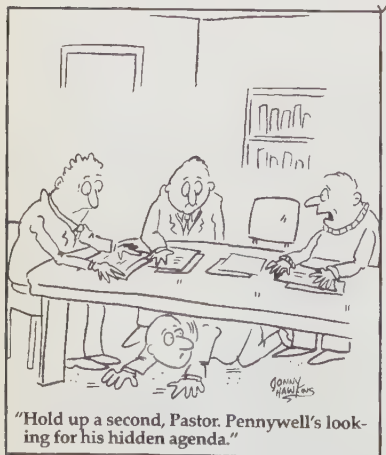
Only the birds seemed undaunted by the changeableness of the weather. They flocked to the birdfeeders even when the wind was whistling so that they had to maneuver to make a landing. They gathered around the icy birdbaths patiently waiting for somebody to remove the ice and refill them.

My 33 winters at Hillspeak have all been interesting, and, quite truthfully, most of those winters have been very much like the one I just experienced.

There have been occasional winters when the temperature dropped below zero. There have been winters when the snow covered the ground for several days in a row and icicles bedecked the houses and trees. On the whole, however, winters are mild with a little snow that does not last long.

If the roads are not iced, winter is a good time to visit Hillspeak. You are welcome any time, but call and ask about *today's* weather before you come.

— The Trustees ' Warden



from *The Joyful Noiseletter*
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AND IN ALL PLACES



✠ **THE RT. REV. JOHN C. BUCHANAN** was elected to the Board of Directors of the Evangelical Education Society, an institution that honors both the evangelical and educational traditions of the Episcopal Church. Bishop Buchanan is a long-time member of the Board of Trustees of Hillspeak.

✠ **A FORMER PRIEST** of the Episcopal Church is preparing to become the first married Roman Catholic priest to be ordained in Scotland. The Rev. James Bell was ordained in Inverness. Married former Anglican priests have been ordained as Catholic priests in England and taken up posts in Scotland, but this will be the first time such a ceremony has taken place north of the border.

✠ **THE HEADS OF CHURCHES TOGETHER IN ENGLAND** have urged the Government to champion the world's poor when Britain assumes the presidency of the

European Union this year. In a joint statement, they said: "This country has a unique opportunity to play a full part in changing the way the world lives and works. We hope and pray it will be grasped with energy and commitment." The statement was signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Rowan Williams; the Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Cormac Murphy-O'Connor; the Rev. David Coffey, Moderator of the Free Churches; and the Rev. Esme Beswick, of the Joint Anglo-Caribbean Council of Churches.

✠ **THE REV. CANON KENNETH KEARON** was officially commissioned as new secretary-general of the Anglican Communion by the Archbishop of Canterbury at a service in St. Andrew's House Chapel, London. In a sermon, Dr Rowan Williams described the members of the Anglican Communion as "prisoners of hope". He said: "There is nothing we need

more than to be reminded of how we are bound with Christ and with one another in that way."

✠ **JEWISH LEADERS** from around the world met with the Pope to thank him for his commitment to defending Jews. Gary Krupp, of the Pave the Way Foundation, which promotes interfaith dialogue, told the pontiff: "You have defended Jewish people at every opportunity, as a priest in Poland and during your 26-year-old pontificate. You have denounced anti-Semitism as a sin against God and humanity."

✠ **TWO MILLION MUSLIMS** converged on Saudi Arabia to participate in the annual haj. Saudi authorities deployed 50,000 security officials to ensure the pilgrimage was not marred by the fires and stampedes of previous years.

✠ **PAUL MARTIN**, Prime Minister of Canada, criticised a decree urging Sikhs to resist the legalisation of same-sex marriage. The decree was issued by the supreme Sikh

leader, Giani Joginder Singh Vedanti. Mr. Martin called on Canada's 300,000 Sikhs to support the Charter of Rights introduced into Parliament on January 31.

✠ **A BUDDHIST** temple in Sri Lanka opened its doors to 4,000 Roman Catholics made homeless by the tsunami that devastated Asia. Catholics fled to the Pushparama temple in Kuda Payagala, 35 miles south of the capital Colombo, after the church where they were sheltering was inundated.

✠ **THE METHODIST CHURCH** urged the Government of England to end detention without trial. In a letter to Charles Clarke, Home Secretary, the Church called for an amendment to the law. Since the September 11 attacks, 16 men have been held without trial under anti-terrorism legislation in British prisons. Steve Hucklesby, the Church's Secretary for International Affairs, said: "There is no easy way to balance civil liberties with national security. But these detentions take

away basic human rights without demonstrably improving our safety. The experience of France and Sweden suggests that there are effective ways to deal with terrorist threats without derogating from the European Convention on Human Rights."

✚ **DEVELOPERS** defended plans to convert a derelict church in Swansea into a mosque. The British National Party attacked the decision to convert the former St. Andrews United Reformed Church. But Arjan Ali, one of the project co-ordinators, said the mosque would provide community services open to everyone in the city.

✚ **ARCHAEOLOGISTS** in Israel found pieces of large stone jars which they say Jesus may have used to turn water into wine at the wedding in Cana. They made the discovery during a salvage dig in present-day Cana, between Nazareth and Capernaum. But New Testament scholars said that it would be difficult to authenticate the jars because experts

disagreed on the location of biblical Cana.

✚ **THE CAMBODIAN GOVERNMENT** banned a pop song about a Buddhist monk falling in love with a woman. Officials said the song, entitled *Wrongly Quitting Monkhood for Love*, should not be broadcast as it "tarnished" the reputation of Cambodian Buddhism. The song was released as a DVD, showing a monk hugging and kissing a girl while bathing in a pond near a pagoda.

✚ **A HINDU** holy man won acclaim across India for remaining standing without rest for two years. Ram Dayal Sanichar Muni's feat began after he vowed to stand for 41 days at the Chamunda Devi temple in Himachal Pradesh, northern India. "I felt God was extending my energy and my resolve to remain standing after the 41 days were over," he said. "I don't even know how long I will continue to stand like this. I have completed two years and I believe it would not have been possible without God's will."



DEATHS



✠ THE REV. JOHN PHELPS GLASE, 68, in Longview, Washington. Fr. Glase served as deacon in the Diocese of Olympia from his ordination to the diaconate in 1975 until his ordination as priest in 1996. He also served on the Diocesan Council.

✠ THE REV. ROBERT EMMET GRIBBIN, 88, in Tuscaloosa, Alabama. Fr. Gribbin was ordained in 1942 by his father, the Rt. Rev. Robert Emmet Gribbin, Bishop of Western North Carolina. Six time deputy to General Convention, he served on the Board of Examining Chaplains, as editor of the *Alabama Churchman*, on the Board of Trustees of General Theological Seminary, and as chaplain for the Conference for the Deaf. He was honored by the University of Alabama as one of 40 civil rights pioneers for his role in the integration of the University.

✠ GAIL CONNER KELIHER JONES, 73, in Tacoma, Wash-

ington. Ms. Jones was director of training for the Education for Ministry Program from 1989 to 1993 at Sewanee, Tennessee. She also served a editor for *Callings* and authored the manual, *Seeking Life in Christ*.

✠ THE REV. EDWIN G. MOLNAR, 77, in Utica, New York. Fr. Molnar served parishes in Ohio and New York. He served as youth director for the Diocese of Central New York, director of White Lake Camp, and was an associate of the Society of St. Margaret.

✠ THE REV. HENRY D. MOORE, 80, in Middletown, Ohio. Fr. Moore was a long time chaplain at schools in North Carolina and Virginia and prisons in Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio. At the time of his death he was Priest Associate at Ascension in Middletown.

✠ THE REV. DAVID B. NICKERSON, 81, in Cincinnati, Ohio. Formerly a Methodist pastor, Fr. Nickerson was ordained as

priest in the Episcopal Church in 1962. He served parishes in North Carolina, Delaware, and Ohio before retiring in 1988.

✠ THE REV. ROBERT FREDERICK PARK, M.D., 64, in Kearney, Nebraska. Dr. Park, a surgeon, served as chief of staff at Good Samaritan Hospital in Kearney. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1985.

✠ THE REV. CANON WILLIAM M. TURNER, 71, in Springfield, Illinois. Fr. Turner was ordained in the Diocese of Oklahoma and served several parishes there. He also served in Missouri before moving to Illinois. He was canon pastor and chaplain to retired clergy in the Diocese of Springfield.

✠ THE REV. GUY RANDOLPH USHER, SSC, 63, in Eau Claire, Wisconsin. Fr. Usher served parishes in the Dioceses of Fort Worth, Quincy, and Eau Claire. He was also editor of the diocesan newspaper, The Herald.

✠ *"May they rest in peace and rise in glory."* ✠



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A PRAYER FOR

Nevada

*Thou Lord who pleased to pierce the sky and
furrow earth in such wild abandon, give Thy
servants strength to endure the pursuit of
Thy glory, which Thou hast tumbled upon the
untamed vastness of Nevada.*

*Bless the liveliness of water stored upon her
snow-clad slopes, and melted in her shining
reservoirs. Bless the veins of treasure girt within
her rocky soil. Bless Thy children all, who come
seeking peace as a cool draught in a dry land;
through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.*

CREAM OF THE CROP



The current selection for the ANGLICAN BOOK CLUB is *God, the Ingenious Alchemist: Transforming Tragedy Into Blessing* by John Claypool.

"I once heard the reality of faith described," writes John Claypool in his new book, "as living above S-E-E level; that is, not allowing the surface appearance of what we see to be the only factor in how we perceive reality ... God never asks us to feel a certain way, but rather to trust Him no matter how we feel." Above all, we should trust God because he is an 'ingenious alchemist' who uses all the resources at his disposal "to correct what C. S. Lewis called the 'bentness'

of spirit that is the source of evil."

"God's goodness is bigger than all human badness," writes Claypool in this timely new book. "God's power and willingness to forgive are greater than our human capacity to sin."

Through an examination of the scriptural narratives in Genesis, especially the characters of Jacob and Joseph, Dr. Claypool makes clear that confidence in God's goodness is possible in even the most seemingly impossible situations, and we therefore need never despair.

- KSH

For membership information, please turn the page.

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Happiest Days

Since ordination, I have found that the Holy Spirit's sense of humor is imbued with a rich vein of irony. For example, I, who hated school with a vengeance, am now chaplain to three — a junior, a public and a secondary — and I regularly parachute into two others, and am on the chaplaincy team of a technical college.

The primary school is where I have most fun: for six years, I have bounced in to take increasingly anarchic assemblies, ranging from wrapping up 200 children in kitchen roll (I am now at a loss as to why, but it made perfect sense at the time) to telling the story of Samson using a blond wig and choruses of "Why, why, why, Delilah."

For the past 12 months, I have also been a school governor, which has stepped everything up a gear. I had thought that church administration produced excessive bumf, but it's nothing compared with the avalanche of paper that is disgorged by governorship.

You soon realize that you have to care about the National Literacy Strategy and your School Development Plan. You must become messianic about the national policy of "Excellence and Enjoyment" (or "Fun and Wilfulness", as a previous schools' inspector dubbed it). You come to love your PANDA (Performance and Assessment) report, and in the classroom you encounter such strategic characters as WILF (What I'm Looking For) and WALT (We Are Learning To).

Yet all this fades into the background when faced with the ultimate governor challenge: serving Christmas lunch at the end of the winter term. You set the tables and serve the turkey; clear and serve Christmas pudding; clear and serve; clear and serve. I think it's the nearest I'll ever experience to going over the top at the Somme.

Sizing up serenity

The girls' public school has a very different, much more serene atmosphere. It was run by nuns (the redoubtable Companions of Jesus the

Good Shepherd) until the mid-1970s, and I was able for speech day to get one of the sisters back, the wonderful Sr. Ann Verena. Gentle, laid back, approachable and motherly (as befits a former Reverend Mother), she was adored by the girls. But there were hidden depths: close up, you realize her glasses are by Versace, and you sit up and take notice when you discover that she has a Ph.D. in organic chemistry.

It was fascinating as she took us round the 18th-century Strawberry Hill-gothic buildings, telling us what they were like 30 years ago. We learnt that the stairs were once dominated by a print of Landseer's Monarch of the Glen; that a special tunnel was made in the wall for the school cat; and that where a deputy head now lurks was the office of the Senior Nun, who regularly carpeted wrongdoers, including Sr. AV.

My favorite part was when she told us that in order to fit all her class into her tiny laboratory, she divided the girls into sets, not on academic ability, but by hip size, so that

they could fit round the benches.

Taking the initiative

Sometimes, though, in this chaplaincy lark, you feel an absolute fraud. This was my recent experience when I joined a working party in the secondary school to implement the national "Healthy Schools Initiative."

We gathered around the table in the sixth-form library, with chaste bowls of nuts and dried fruit set out for nibbling, to discuss healthy eating, beneficial exercise, and general *mens sana in corpore sano*-ness. Present, among others, were the school nurse, representatives from the formidable PE department (it is a sports college), various health professionals, and a lovely lady from Scouting, who turned out to be an obesity adviser. (I inwardly whimpered, and vowed never again to touch another gin or pork scratching.)

We were split into twos and threes to cover aspects of school life and social education. I ended up with a female deputy head discussing sex. It was fun and

informative, and I didn't need to nibble once. In the plenary session, we learnt we were well on the way to bronze and silver standards. I'm still not sure how I got myself into these things. . .

Senior search

MIND YOU, chaplaincy takes its toll: I've had my first "senior moment". I was about to leave for a school assembly (slightly late, as ever). It always takes a good few minutes to reach escape velocity from the Vicarage.

"Where are the props for the assembly? Where? Oh, here. . . Where's my diary? Where? WHERE?" (Rummage through rubbish on desk, in hall, in kitchen, in car.) "Oh, here it is."

Then finally: "Where are my keys? Where? WHERE? HELP!?" (Quick rampage around the Vicarage, upstairs and down, in likely places, then unlikely ones.) PANIC.

I then realized I'd been holding them all the time. Oh dear, *mens sana* indeed.

– The Rev. John Wall, St. George the Martyr, Newbury, UK

[This article appeared in the CHURCH TIMES]

Mother Superior

The 98-year-old Mother Superior from Ireland was dying. The nuns gathered around her bed trying to make her last journey comfortable. They gave her some warm milk to drink but she refused. Then one of the nuns took the glass back to the kitchen. Remembering a bottle of Irish whiskey received as a gift the previous Christmas, she opened and poured a generous amount into the warm milk.

Back at Mother Superior's bed, she held the glass to her lips. Mother drank a little, then a little more and before they knew it, she had drunk the whole glass down to the last drop.

"Mother," the nuns asked with earnesty, "please give us some wisdom before you die." She raised herself up in bed and with a pious look on her face said, "Don't sell that cow."



A Lamb Story

Most of us have trouble remembering what we were doing on a particular day even months ago, but now thirty-four years later, a particular Sunday afternoon in March of 1972 still stands out in my memory. March of that year found me completing my first year as rector of St. Mary's Church, Malta, Montana. Actually I was rector of two other churches as well, St. Matthew's, Glasgow and All Saints', Scobey, and that happened because the then bishop of Montana, Jackson Gilliam had convinced a very young priest in the Diocese of Washington, D.C., that if being rector of one church was good, being rector of three was three times better. And so I found myself starting my second year of residence on the Great Plains, but still with much of the mindset of the urban dweller. Culture shock was going from the nation's capital to a lovely small ranching town of 2000 souls under the big sky of Montana.

A parish member, Harold,

was always looking for ways to build a better understanding of the country and people into this new young priest, and so on a particular Sunday in March, he wanted to drive me to a sheep ranch south of Malta, to show me what a large sheep ranch looked like during lambing season. We drove the thirty some miles under a stormy March sky and arrived at a large ranch, where a Basque family cared for sheep in the tens of thousands. Harold had called ahead, and told the family that he was bringing his priest down, and would they show us their lambing operation. As we got out of Harold's pickup, someone in an old, warm looking coat, came over to greet and welcome us.

Spread out over several acres were four or five steel warehouse buildings, each seeming to hold several thousand sheep. Our guide explained that the sheep outside were watched closely during the lambing time, and when the ewes were about ready to birth their lambs, they were brought into the

shelter of one of these large sheds.

As we walked toward the door of one of the sheds, I saw something that I was not prepared to see, and for which I had no frame of reference to deal with. City raised, I had heard and could see that ranch life was hard. I could tell that economy and bottom line financial viability preceded sentiment when it came to the livestock. As we came to the door, we passed by a large heap of dead lambs, at least fifty, perhaps a hundred. And all were missing their fleece! The pile of small lambs was ten or twelve feet across and four feet high, and their poor little blood stained bodies were already hard in the chill Montana March air.

Of course lambs die, I knew that! Sheep seem to die too easily, more easily than other livestock. It would be expected that some would die in birth or from disease, all cooped up as they were in large numbers in these sheds. But was bottom line profit so important that they needed to skin the poor little things

to make an extra dollar on such a small fleece? My urban mind raced ahead, already passing judgment on such practice. I was upset, offended and feeling argumentative over this.

As we went into the relative warmth of the building, I turned and asked, "What was that pile of dead lambs all about?" The guide kept talking as he walked us to a pen, "Lots of these ewes give birth to twins, and for some reason known only to God, they will reject one and keep the other. Nothing we can do will change their mind. If we were a small farm, we might bottle-feed the rejected lambs, or one of the kids might take a 'bum' lamb as a 4H project and raise it. That won't work here — we've got hundreds of 'bum' lambs, and we can't afford to lose all of them, just because their mama doesn't want them."

Passing an enclosure with just such a ewe, one lamb beside her, and another penned in a corner, we came next to a solitary ewe. "This one lost her lamb after it was born; it's one of those in that

pile you asked about. Sometimes they just die. So we have a ewe without a lamb in one pen and a rejected lamb in the next, but a ewe will only nurse its own, it won't accept another ewe's lamb. That's why the dead lambs are missing their fleece," he said. "When one dies we take the fleece off, cut leg holes in the fleece, and put it on a rejected lamb. We take some of the blood from the dead lamb and rub it on the forehead of the abandoned lamb, and then take it to the ewe who lost her lamb."

"She smells the fleece, and recognizes the fleece as her own. She sees the blood on the lamb's head and licks it off, and she can taste the scent of her own body in the blood of her lamb. She cleans the new lamb and claims it as her own, and lets it suckle. In a day or two, her milk passing through the body of the new lamb, gives it the scent and taste of the mother, and the adoption is complete."

I left the ranch overwhelmed by the experience of death and life and the sheer numbers of sheep

being cared for. And even with the good of the adoptions, I felt sorrow for the abandoned lambs and all the death. It made my calling as shepherd of three small Montana congregations look so much more manageable, so much more enjoyable. It was some years later, during the Easter Season, that I saw our story in the lambs. It was an image of Christ as the knowledgeable shepherd, and Christ as the dying lamb, offering his fleece. And God the Father, as a mother sheep who looks at you and me, wrapped in the fleece of Jesus Christ, and with the blood of the lamb covering the stain of our estrangement from God. When God the Father looks upon you and me, it is the wrapping of Jesus that is seen, (as St. Paul said, "put ye on Christ Jesus") and the blood, the salty taste of the blood is the same blood shed on Calvary. And God sees his own, and claims his own, and we become his own, by adoption and grace.

- *The Rev. David C. Anderson, St. James', Newport Beach, California*

Sacred Ireland

A tour — Sacred Ireland — escorted by the Rt. Rev. John Buchanan and his wife, Peggy, may appeal to readers of *The Anglican Digest*. Bishop Buchanan is a long-time SPEAK Trustee and Executive Committee member. He is the retired Bishop of West Missouri and currently serves as the Assisting Bishop of Texas.

The Twelve-day tour departs August 28 and returns September 8. The itinerary includes the "Six Counties" in the north, with visits to the Giant's Causeway and the Nine Glens of Antrim. There will be a stop in Armagh, the see city for the Catholic and Anglican Archdioceses, where both cathedrals are named St. Patrick, and a stop in Omagh, in County Tyrone, at the Ulster American Folk Park. In the West, participants will see the Cliffs of Moher and Galway. In the South there may be an opportunity to kiss the

Blarney Stone, before heading East to Dublin and the beautiful Wicklow Mountains. The itinerary includes many more places too numerous to mention here. Ireland is about the same size as the state of Maine, but there is much to see and experience, which is rich in Celtic history and culture. It is often said that Ireland, once visited, is never forgotten.

With the comfort of participants in mind, only four hotels are used and the tour is limited to 24 persons. The full time, native-born driver and guide will be highly qualified and well informed. For a detail descriptive brochure call 800-356-9831, or call Bishop Buchanan at 843-819-1719.



Bloopers

- Bertha Belch, a missionary from Africa, will be speaking tonight at Calvary Methodist. Come hear Bertha Belch all the way from Africa.

- The Fasting & Prayer Conference includes meals.

- The sermon this morning: "Jesus Walks on the Water." The sermon tonight: "Searching for Jesus."

- Remember in prayer the many who are sick of our community. Smile at someone who is hard to love. Say "Hell" to someone who does not care much about you.

- Barbara remains in the hospital and needs blood donors for more transfusions. She is also having trouble sleeping and requests tapes of Pastor Jack's sermons.

- Please place your donation in the envelope along with the deceased person you want remembered.

- Attend and you will hear an excellent speaker and have a healthy lunch.

- The church will host an evening of fine dining, super entertainment and gracious hostility.

- Brown bag bile study meets each Wednesday at noon.

And by the Way...

The article "Three Kinds of Faith" which appeared on p. 57 of the Lent 2005 issue identified Trinity Church as being in Whitinsville, Maine. While Maine might surely like to claim Whitinsville, it is still in Massachusetts.

~ ~ ~

Many, many thanks to the Operation Pass Along benefactor in La Crosse, Wisconsin, who sent Hillspeak four cartons of bibles and prayer books.

~ ~ ~

If you asked to not receive THE ANGLICAN DIGEST but are still getting it, you may have omitted your address from the correspondence. With over 100,000 subscribers, a name is not always sufficient to identify a reader.

Ways to Give to the Ministry of Hillspeak

God gives gifts to his children in order that they might enjoy him and, in sharing their gifts, reveal and build his kingdom. Our first commitment is always to our local parish. We are also called to extend our reach, even to the ends of the earth. Hillspeak reaches around the world with its ministry of the written word through *The Anglican Digest*, the Anglican Book Club, Operation Pass Along, and the Anglican Bookstore as well as the letters and e-mails that are exchanged daily. The Foland Library serves as a repository for information useful to writers and researchers who come to Hillspeak. Our guest quarters offer refuge for visitors from around the world as well.

Your help in this ministry in a tangible way is necessary and appreciated. There are a number of ways in which you can support the ministries of Hillspeak:

- Direct gifts of cash
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For more detailed information on making a gift to Hillspeak, contact our General Manager, Mr. Tom Walker, by phone at (800)572-7929 or by e-mail to speak@speakinc.org.



Growth and Renewal

The season of Pentecost lasts for half of the church year. The liturgical calendar, beginning with Advent, recalls the events of Jesus' life on earth, culminating with his Ascension and the descent of the Holy Spirit. Through these familiar seasons and feast days, each year we retell the story of our salvation. In other words, we rehearse and explain our faith.

Now for the following six months, we will focus on how that faith is lived out in the Church. This season begins by recalling the dramatic events of the Day of Pentecost, when the Holy Spirit first empowered the earliest Christians to proclaim the gospel. Today, in obedience to that Great Commission and inspired by that same Spirit, we still spread the good news to the ends of the earth.

The second Sunday in the season of Pentecost is Trinity Sunday, which we've just celebrated. On this feast we con-

template the very being of God, that three-fold nature which the Athanasian Creed calls "incomprehensible." The readings and hymns for Trinity Sunday underscore that God is the Lord of all things, and all things are created to worship him. Not a bad place to begin our faith journey.

Although former calendars referred to the following months as the season of Trinity, our modern liturgy calls them the season of Pentecost, to emphasize that we, as the living Church, live and work in the Spirit. We are challenged to think and learn more about how the Spirit lives and works in us.

For the rest of the season of Pentecost, we will focus on the teachings of Jesus. During the summer and fall we will hear many of the parables that Jesus told, and late in the fall we will hear his stories about the coming of God's kingdom. Jesus found storytelling an effective way to impart truth. As we hear these stories again and glean their wisdom, we can apply them in both old

and new ways to our life in the faith.

Within the rhythm of the church year, Pentecost is meant to be a season of rich growth, not just in the beautiful natural world around us, but in our own spiritual worlds as well. In fact, the green vestments we see on Sundays are meant to remind us of growth. And the readings, hymns, and homilies are meant to address many facets of a dynamic Christian life.

During the summer, I suppose we all take more time out for play, for parties, for the beach, for vacation. For me, this free time is an opportunity to be refreshed, to be open to creativity, and to grow in different ways.

During the summer I often get the best ideas for new compositions, new concerts, and new programs. In my relaxation, I have more time to be open to the Holy Spirit, to hear God calling and to feel him moving in me.

As we approach the summer, and our activities shift more or less from work to play, please don't neglect to come to church and celebrate the season of Pentecost—the season of the Spirit, the season of the Church. And pray that, in this season of growth, your own spirit may find renewal.

— Canon Benjamin T. Lane,
Cathedral Musician,
Cathedral Church of St. Luke,
Orlando, Florida

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Complaints Culture

At the end of the year, driving between events and engagements, I listened on the radio to a discussion about people taking their employers to the courts for making them work in stressful conditions. I thought immediately of the clergy working in some of our parishes. Should I have coluded in putting them there? I am informed that head teachers are having a tough time, too. Posts are not being filled.

One of my responsibilities is to help make appropriate appointments. I can hear myself saying at the Section 12 meeting, when I meet the church council: no priest is perfect and, remember, no parish is perfect either. Its like a marriage – for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health.

The announcement is made and we all look forward to the licensing service, and whatever the state of the parish the new priest is keen to start. There is the love of God to preach and teach.

There is the worship of God to reflect and inspire that love, and the building, too.

There are all the people out there in the streets that need to be loved for God's sake. Some come nervously, about a baptism or a wedding. There is so much to do for them and for God. Then there is the church council... and the regular congregation supposedly schooled in the love of God. Why is it then that many clergy find the Parochial Church Council, and then the congregation the most stressful of all?

I see the point of awkward people. They shape and fashion my discipleship, its integrity and depth. Every congregation needs at least one, even if it's the Vicar! If there were no one in the way then my Christian character would dissolve in blandness. And I need to grow. Christians should learn to take on the awkward in their gracious stride.

What really distresses me and unsettles my faith are those parishes that seem

almost blatantly, almost institutionally, to discourage their clergy. They ask for leadership, energy, and vision, and then obstruct it the moment it begins to be offered. Think what that does to someone's ministry.

Too many clergy have been destroyed in spirit by mean or intransigent parishes. I even come away from some parishes thinking that they don't deserve a priest. Let's move the priest, then, to somewhere where he or she will be loved and valued.

Clergy, like head teachers, are very exposed these days. Any parent at any time, more or less, can come to the Head's office and complain, or work out their frustrations. Doctors have hardhearted and headed receptionists to protect them. Most clergy have no one, unless there is a distressed and harassed spouse at hand with comfort and encouragement. The bishop lives too far away.

People complain about things as never before. I won't begin to rehearse them to save embarrassment! And

because he or she is in the way, officially in the way, the Vicar gets it.

I have heard wicked stories of verbal abuse and institutional insensitivity thrown at clergy by hard hearted and hard headed parishioners who have been attending church all their lives, but who don't appear to have learned the first thing about the gospel.

I laughed at those who were complaining about their new priest the other day, because he talked so much about God! Until I realized how sad, how bitterly sad, that was.

"Priest and people together" I hear myself saying from the back of the church at the licensing service when we have just visited the main door. If we want our clergy to love and serve us, then we must love and serve them. Otherwise the fire goes out. The personal cost can hurt forever. Thank God there are many parishes where this is not the case, far from it.

- *The Rt. Rev. Stephen Pedley,
Bishop of Lancaster, U.K.*

Corpus Christi

There are times, as all of us know, when it's wise to quit when you're ahead. Preaching on the same topic can be a case in point. Two years ago, shortly after our much-loved Douglas Webster, that little Canon of Saint Paul's Cathedral in London who taught us so much and made so many good friends here died, I preached on the Solemnity of Corpus Christi about the God who hides himself under bread's disguise and wine's camouflage in the Sacrament of the Eucharist. Douglas had preached here a remarkable sermon about the God who hides himself and I quoted him, and I was greatly in his debt to be able to do so. I read the 1986 sermon very carefully twice and I honestly don't think I can find a way to preach about this mystery in a way more telling than I was able to do then.

But I'll try. Of the great mysteries which preachers have become eloquent over, the

mystery for humankind of the precious Body and Blood of Christ, is among the paramount. I want to begin this sermon by recalling another very good sermon delivered by somebody who had more than a reputation as a good preacher: he had what people have come to realize was a genius for preaching. I commend him and his marvelous books of sermons to you. His name was Austin Farrer and, to look at, he was very forgettable: sandy hair, skinny, bespectacled and shy. He was an Oxford don with some of the eccentricities alleged to adhere to academics. He was chaplain of Trinity College, Oxford, when first I knew him, with learned works in an impressive stack behind him, some of which he was soon to disown. Then he became Warden of my college, Keble, when the great Eric Abbott left to go to Westminster Abbey as Dean. But put this man into a pulpit and watch what happened! That *was* unforgettable! His face, the face of a philosopher and theologian, would begin to shine as his words took

fire, and the dim candles of our undergraduate souls would be lit with a stronger flame as a result of hearing them. But I don't want to bore you by reminiscing. It is as bad a practice as home movies. Suffice it to say that the knowledge he would be preaching would fill a church with his devotees and time would fly on wings. Never was seen a head to turn, never a foot heard to stir. It was magic. No, it wasn't; it was God speaking through the heart of a man who loved him, and so his Spirit moved mightily among us. There is such a thing as holy exaltation and sometimes we experienced it. It gave my own religious experience a dimension I've always been grateful for, for he was a bit of a saint as well as being a great man, author, thinker, priest and friend. He loved to talk about God's compassion and the mystery of Christ, his son. We knew he had been close enough to catch a glimpse and we settled for that. What he had to tell us was *authentic*, marvelous, mysterious, and clear as crys-

tal at one and the same time; it was preaching of the first order, because it had the effect upon us of involving us in what he said and taught.

But there was this one very special occasion, and it was one just such as this; we were getting ready for Christ in his Body and in his Blood in his Sacrament of the Altar. He spoke in such a way as to bring us with him to the very brink of the mystery in which we were going to partake in the sacrifice of the Eucharist, and he did it by saying something like this: "Through Christ we are to approach God, and so we shall make a better communion if we come with an enlivened idea of the God we are to approach. Let us take this most fundamental point. Let us reflect together on the being of God." He goes on to liken God's being as the hidden spring from which living waters flow, and getting to him, swimming upstream in that living water. Though the current faces you, there is no fatigue of spirit as you are drawn to the source and

spring. We come to the hidden fissure through which this water flows, the source itself, and, mysteriously, we are permitted into it; gently and carefully it opens its hiddenness to you. And what do you find on the other side? A boundless sea of crystal clearness, full of light and warmth, and you find you have entered the very heart of the Godhead, for "I come to the place from which the whole lake is filled, where a great cataract of waters flows soundlessly down and spreads without foam, falling from no cliff and issuing from no cavern, but constantly self-supplied as out of nothing, out of a bright clean air..."

These are mystical words, and we were a pack of very ordinary and often ribald and superficial students. But to my dying day, I shall have that picture before me of God's love for us in Christ who gives himself in bread's disguise and wine's camouflage. Camouflage and disguise, outward and visible signs of an inward and spiri-

tual giving of himself, which is his delight.

The seeds of this sermon were sown on a plane coming home to New York. A pretty, young, woman student, far prettier than the girls I remember at Oxford, and by no means ordinary, ribald, or superficial, was curled up in a seat behind me and in earnest conversation with a boy who was intelligent, articulate, attractive and Jewish. Eavesdroppers, we are told, rarely hear good spoken of themselves, and I have no excuse for overhearing their conversation but for the fact that she was answering his questions about Christian doctrine as taught in the Episcopal Church of which she was a member. He knew plenty. He had an interest in these things, and he was asking about this very thing, the Sacrament of the Eucharist, and what Anglicans believed to happen at it. Her answers left me uncomfortable. Her instruction had been inadequate, her lessons half-baked. As a member of the profession

whose responsibility and calling it is to teach the Christian faith as well as an eavesdropper on this conversation, I felt I had heard little good spoken of it.

I was sad because besides an adequate presentation of doctrine there are such riches of insight, majestic glimpses conveyed to us by wise and holy souls, into this mystery of mysteries. They are capable of bringing us much joy and tremendous awe as we stand with them and contemplate that crystal sea of the Divine Love which Communion means we enjoy. For the word "communion" itself means oneness, being at one with somebody, enjoying somebody and being enjoyed at the same time. There is a mutuality in Communion; let us not forget that God is enjoying us enjoying him, the source of all joy, all delight, all happy laughter, all fulfillment. It is at the same time two things: deeply personal, deeply individual, on a one-to-one basis, his enjoyment of us as he takes us to himself, forgives us, helps us to be what he has planned for us to

become, to be truly and recognizably his child and to share in some way in his likeness, so that we may say with the Psalmist, "But as for me, I shall behold thy presence in righteousness; and when I awake up after thy likeness, I shall be satisfied..." (Ps. 17:16) – all this, deeply personal and individual – *and* it is totally corporate, for when we are as close to him as that, we are very near to each other, members of a family, the *plebs sancta Dei*, the holy common people of God.

But what brings this to happen, this unique and dual relationship? What is the catalyst, the agent which brings it into reality? A symbol couldn't. Only another reality could. Christ provides that reality in the Eucharist itself. Bread is broken. Wine is poured. In the lovely words of Scripture, Christ makes "himself known in the breaking of the bread." He tells us to do this in order to bring him into our life, which is what he means by "remembering" him. Was ever another command so obeyed? The

plebs sancta Dei have gathered through dark days and brighter ones in the Church's history to witness this, to want this "food of man way-faring," sinners in hope of forgiveness, sinners who want to see more clearly how they went wrong, where they fell, what can be done to put the wrong right, and knowing that this is the place and this is the food which will sustain them and nourish them for the future and for eternity, for their destiny is in him. They hear his word, his story. They know they come undeserving of so great a gift. They know the gift will be given. They know that, the world over, little pockets of people have been and are in the same quest for that gift.

That gift is himself. Christ says it is his body and his blood. He calls it so. "In truth, in very truth, unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood you can have no life in you. Whoever eats my flesh and drinks my blood possesses eternal life, and I will raise him up on the last day. My

flesh is real food; my blood is real drink. Whoever eats my flesh and drinks my blood dwells continually in me and I dwell in him. As the living Father sent me, and I live because of the Father, so he who eats me shall live because of me." (John 6:53-57) This is no empty symbol, no time-weary remembrance. He comes to us in bread disguised and wine camouflaged as he promised. We receive him, with awe, with stupefaction, almost, fully and really present among us. For "The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him." Do you know this?

*Word-made-flesh, true bread
he maketh*

*By his word his Flesh to be.
Wine his Blood; when man
partaketh,*

*Though his senses fail to see,
Faith alone, when sight forsaketh,*

*Shows true hearts the
mystery.*

— The Rev. John Andrew, D.D.,
Saint Thomas',
New York City, New York

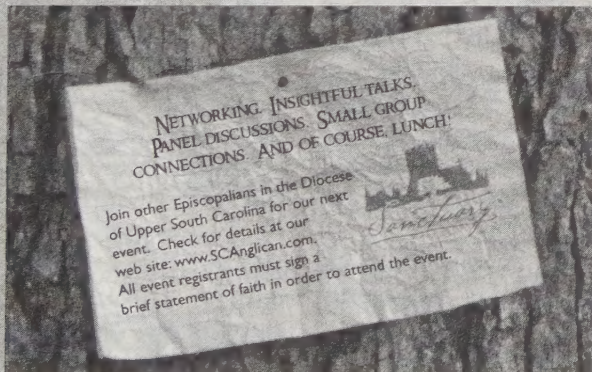
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From the Editor...

Drift

William Orr changed my life.

I knew I was in the presence of someone unusual when I first heard about him through a friend. He had a stroke in his 80's, and, as a first rate New Testament scholar, he lost his ability to use either English or Greek. So how did he respond? He taught himself both languages again, and used his final years on earth to tutor seminarians in Greek for free as a ministry.

I was one of his students, and while I was ostensibly there to learn Greek, what I learned more about was life (isn't that always the way with great teachers?).

Of all the lessons he taught me, the most powerful was about the person and work of the Holy Spirit. As we were working through a passage in John's gospel, the Holy Spirit came up as a topic, and when I asked him about the subject, he didn't even hesitate in answer to my query.

Drift, he said. You can

imagine my response to a one word answer on a subject as vast as that! Drift? What did he mean talking about drift?

Think of your life as a being in a sailboat, he said, and realize that the Holy Spirit guides as a wind (the very image Jesus uses in John 3). Sometimes, the Holy Spirit will guide through a strong direct word or work like a dramatic shift in the breeze. Many days will be spent very ordinarily, floating along on the water, but with an imperceptible direction nonetheless. But to be a Christian means to be a sensitive sailor because though you may feel you are simply drifting along, unbeknownst to you a series of circumstances may be changed in your life. If you look carefully, you can sense the wind beginning to shift. If it does, be ready to be guided afresh, he said. Pay attention.

It was many years after that, toward the end of the second year in my curacy, that my best friend, the rector with whom I was working, my bishop, and then my wife encouraged me to do doctoral work. It took until my wife's

prodding for me to pay attention more carefully, but when I did, I realized that over the last year or so, the wind had shifted. I opened my sail a little and the shift took greater shape. Eventually I ended up at Oxford University, as the Spirit blew where He willed.

Pentecost is a reminder to us that the heart posture of a Christian is an openness to God's wind. It means every day is an adventure. It means that the wind may occasionally suddenly rush in, but that more often we are to celebrate the extraordinary blessing of apparently ordinary days. Above all, it means learning the great Good news that we are not in charge, and therefore we are to be sensitive to shifts in circumstances and feelings which accumulate directions over time.

On the first birthday of the church, there were tongues like fire which surprised all those present. I think about those tongues every Pentecost, but I also think of a man in his eighties who taught himself Greek again in order to teach it to me. I recall, too, that in the midst of one

apparently ordinary Greek lesson I learned an extraordinary lesson about the Holy Spirit, because my boat drifted into the harbor of William Orr.

— KSH+

About the Cover

Louis Comfort Tiffany (1848-1933) was one of the most creative and prolific designers of the late 19th century. Tiffany declared that his life-long goal was "the pursuit of beauty."

Tiffany's life-long study of light culminated in this *Holy Spirit Window*, completed about 1895. One of eight windows created for the First Presbyterian Church in Springfield, Illinois, the window, depicts a dove descending among folds of brilliant sunlight. The window is unusual in its radial structure design. Depth is achieved through the use of layers of glass in places and the border sparkles with sapphire and emerald colored jewels. In this work, the radiance of light passes through the central figure and fills the heavens!

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